



"LIBERTY—FRATERNITY—UNITY"—THE WATCHWORDS OF THE RACE.

VOLUME 1.
NUMBER 2.

NEW-YORK, MAY 7, 1853.

{ TERMS, \$2 PER ANNUM.
SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

Rebelations of Nature.

[Original.]

ANCIENT AND MODERN PNEUMATOLOGY.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

NUMBER TWO.

IN the closing portion of the first part of this essay, it was submitted as an hypothesis, that many of the wonderful phenomena recorded in the history of the magic, necromancy, and so-called witchcraft, of the middle and subsequent ages, might be placed in the category of *psychological illusions*, or of mere *impressions* produced upon the mind by the intoxicating influence of certain drugs, unguents, and fumes of burning narcotics, used in connection with solemn ceremonies. As an illustration of the class of magical phantasmata to which allusion was made, and of this supposed mode of their production, I may here refer to a case related in the life of Benvenuto Cellini, an Italian artist, and witnessed by him in the Coliseum at Rome in the year 1534.

Cellini relates that he accidentally made acquaintance with a Sicilian priest who was well skilled in the art of necromancy, and requested of him an exhibition of some of the wonders of that art: "The priest," says he, "one evening prepared to satisfy me, and desired me to look out for a companion or two. I invited one Vincenzo Romoli who was my intimate acquaintance: he brought with him a native of Pistoia, who cultivated the black art himself. We proceeded to the Coliseum, and the priest, according to the custom of necromancers, began to draw circles upon the ground with the most *impressive* ceremonies imaginable; he likewise brought here asafetida, several precious perfumes, and fire, with some compositions, also, which diffused noisome odors. As soon as he was in readiness, he made an opening in the circle, and having taken us by the hand, ordered the other necromancer, his partner, to throw the perfumes into the fire at a proper time, entrusting the care of the perfumes and fire to the rest; and then began his incantations. The ceremony lasted above an hour and a half, when there appeared several legions of devils, insomuch that the amphitheater was quite filled with them."

This interview with the spirits terminated without any further re-

sults of importance, when the necromancer told Cellini that it was necessary to go a second time, when he should be satisfied in whatever he asked, but that he must bring with him a pure and immaculate boy. Complying with this requisition, and taking with him another new companion, one Agnolino Gaddi, Cellini, by appointment, repaired the second time to the Coliseum, where he found the necromancer in waiting. Of the scenes which ensued the writer gives the following description:

"The priest, having made his preparations as before, with the same and even more striking ceremonies, placed us within the circle which he had likewise drawn with a more wonderful art, and in a more solemn manner, than at the former meeting. Thus having committed the care of the perfumes and fire to my friend Vincenzo, who was assisted by Agnolino Gaddi, he put into my hand a pintaculo or magical chart, and bade me turn it toward the places that he should direct me; and under the pintaculo I held my boy. The necromancer, having began to make his tremendous invocations, called by their names a multitude of *dæmons*, who were the leaders of the several legions, and questioned them by the power of the eternal, uncreated God, who lives forever, in the Hebrew language, and also in Latin and Greek, insomuch that the amphitheater was almost in an instant filled with *dæmons* more numerous than at the former conjuration."

Cellini now put some unimportant question to the *dæmons*, which the priest said they answered through him; and then the relation proceeds:

"He (the priest) then requested me to stand resolutely by him, because the legions were now above a thousand more in number than he had designed; so that after they had answered my question it behooved him to be civil to them, and to dismiss them quietly. At the same time the boy under the pintaculo was in a terrible fright, saying that there were in that place a million of fierce men who threatened to destroy us; and that moreover four armed giants, of an enormous stature, were endeavoring to break into our circle."

Subsequently, to shorten the story, the boy was seized with a vivid impression that the whole amphitheater was in flames, and that the fire was just falling on them. The necromancer himself was (or perhaps only pretended to be) terribly frightened, which circumstance increased the fright of the others; but after the performance of a few more ceremonies, the devils began to disperse; and when they had about all

disappeared, the necromancer and his spectators moved out of the circle and proceeded to their lodgings. As they were passing along the street, the boy, doubtless still under the intoxication of the burning perfumes, and possibly under the influence of an irregular spiritual magnetism, told Cellini that two of the demons whom he had seen at the amphitheater, went on before them, leaping and skipping, sometimes upon the roofs of the houses and sometimes upon the ground. These, however, appear to have been invisible to the rest of the company, as had also been the "four armed giants," and the fire apparently falling on them from the burning portions of the amphitheater. But on retiring to bed that night, the rest of the companions could dream of nothing but devils.

Mr. Roscoe, the translator of Cellini's life, expresses the belief (subsequently concurred in by Sir David Brewster) that the whole of these appearances, like a phantasmagoria, were merely the effects of a magic lantern produced upon volumes of smoke from various kinds of burning wood. But this hypothesis is absurd. Had the phenomena been in any way referable to a magic lantern, there would certainly have been much more uniformity in the visions seen by different persons present; and besides no optical machinery of this kind could have produced the appearance of the two demons leaping and skipping on the roofs of the houses and upon the ground, as seen only by the boy while going home, and where no flames or smoke or apparatus could have existed. The phenomena which were exhibited on this occasion were undoubtedly, for the most part, illusive, and the spectral forms which were presented had no real, outstanding existence, either as belonging to the natural or spiritual world. But the illusions were undoubtedly of a *psychological* rather than a *mechanical* nature; though it should not be hastily concluded, *a priori*, that the cause of their production was entirely disconnected from emanations and volitions from the spiritual world as *concurring* with the *natural* excitants of impressions which existed upon the occasion.

In many instances, no doubt, magicians were themselves ignorant of the causes which produced, or modified, the phantastic appearances which followed their conjurations, and were as much deluded as their spectators with the belief in their outstanding spiritual reality. This especially may be supposed of the smatterers in the necromatic art who sprang up every where during the middle and subsequent ages; and it can not be doubted that those magical practices, in the hands of an ignorant and credulous people, had much to do in originating the fanciful and superstitious conceptions which prevailed during these benighted centuries, in regard to the empire of demons, fairies, gnomes, dwarfs, horned devils, and other monstrous spiritual forms, conceived according to the genius, historical associations, or local circumstances of each particular nation or community of people.

From the passion which many persons naturally had for the pursuit of these necromatic and kindred arts, and from their constant practice in secret assemblages and in different countries from age to age, and especially from the fact that smatterings of them constantly fell into the hands of the more ignorant and credulous, finally arose many of those psychological diseases and deeply seated hallucinations which form a prominent feature in the history of subsequent witchcraft. To these psychical diseases and hallucinations, *females* were most subject, owing no doubt to the greater susceptibilities of their nervous systems. And when, owing to peculiar local circumstances or social tendencies, this disease had extended itself to a considerable number of persons in a neighborhood, they all came, in some degree, into magnetic or sympathetic *rappor*t with each other, and to some extent, preserved this interior connection even when bodily separated—a thing which every adept in the science of Mesmerism, knows may have easily been done. With this state of susceptibility and mutual sympathy, it was no longer necessary for them to repair to their customary nocturnal rendezvous in the usual physical way: all that was necessary was for them to anoint themselves with their peculiar soporific compounds *at home*, with the intended reunion uppermost in their minds; when presently the *body* would fall into a deathlike slumber which neither blows, nor wounds, nor the application of fire, could disturb, while they themselves would feel conscious of passing through the air, perhaps on some fan-

tastic vehicle (a broom stick, for instance) and presently would find themselves at their appointed place of meeting with others of their acquaintance whom they had previously expected to meet. Here they would engage in feasting and dancing or other pleasures, and would sometimes offer sacrifices, and perform awful ceremonies and incantations for the purpose of engaging their familiar spirits in the destruction of their enemies or in the furtherance of their caprices or supposed interests in some other way. These nocturnal assemblages, whether attended bodily or spiritually, were called "sabbaths."

The experiences of these persons partook somewhat of the nature of vivid dreams, sometimes amounting to what is now known as clairvoyance. To assert that there may have been, in some cases, an actual sympathetic going forth of the spirit to meet and recognize, and to be recognized by, the spirits of its acquaintances who had subjected themselves to the same processes of abnormalization, and for the same purpose, would doubtless be imposing a great tax upon the credulity of the general reader; yet for this hypothesis an argument might be offered which would be extremely plausible to those who are acquainted with the laws and phenomena of the higher branches of mesmerism.

But these persons though often correct in their descriptions of facts and things beyond the sphere of the senses, were nevertheless subject to frequent delusions; and among other delusions was that of supposing themselves to be *bodily* present at their nightly conclaves, and of engaging *bodily* in acts, and accomplishing ends, which had no existence save in their minds. For example, a woman was once arraigned, on the charge of witchcraft, before a magistrate of Florence. She not only confessed the crime, but declared that if they would allow her to return home and anoint herself, she would attend the "sabbath" that very night. She was accordingly permitted to return home, when she anointed herself and immediately fell into a slumber so profound as to be insensible to burns, blows, prickings with sharp instruments, &c., which were inflicted by those who were appointed to watch her. When she awoke on the following day, she related that she had attended the "sabbath." In several instances persons put upon trial for witchcraft have added to the full acknowledgement of their general criminality, the confession that they had, by their magical arts, caused the death of certain persons, whereas subsequent inquiry proved those same persons to be still living.*

There can be no doubt that individuals of delicate nervous susceptibilities have often been so "psychologized," as the term now is, by the impressions floating in the general mental atmosphere of the society in which they move, or by the ideas deeply instilled into their minds by early education, as to actually seem to behold the sights, hear the sounds, or feel the sensations, which correspond to their previously excited apprehensions. In this way many apparitions and other manifestations supposed to be spiritual, may doubtless be accounted for—especially when such are seen or experienced by nervous persons at the solemn hour of mid-night, or in old and forsaken buildings and other unfrequented places concerning which there are afloat some dark and sanguinary traditions.

The foregoing remarks serve to show how faith in the spiritual, which at its natural and spontaneous origin in the human mind may have been *perfectly true*, has, by the perversions and abuses to which it has been subject during the long ages of its transmission to others, gradually degenerated into the grossest superstition.

It is in like manner, by the superinduction of exterior fancies upon the basis of primitive, interior, and intuitive perception, that *all* superstitions originate, in whatsoever ages they may have existed, or whatsoever may have been the particular *occasions* of their external development; and it may safely be doubted whether any superstition has ever existed from which, if placed in the alembic of a true and impartial philosophy, some interior and fundamental elements of truth might not be distilled.

(To be continued.)

* See Salverte "*Des Sciences Occultes*," which work, though too materialistic in its philosophy, may be consulted with profit upon the general theme of the foregoing remarks.

Original.

ADVANCING TENDENCIES OF THE RACE.

BY R. P. AMBLEP.

FROM the signs of the times, as these are now being manifested to the eyes of the reformer, there is abundant evidence to be derived of the cheering truth, that the world is moved and governed by the divine and eternal principle of progression. There is indeed no thought which has ever stirred the bosom of Humanity more deeply and thoroughly, than that which relates to the attainment of some higher good and the revelation of some nobler destiny. Amid the darkness of all past ages has the race thirsted for some pure and satisfying fountain of thought and truth, in whose clear waters the soul might find an answer to its prayer; and with this thirst it has traveled on in the dreary and desolate wastes of earth, waiting for the appearance of the bright oasis. And it has been seen to be true, that, as man has sought, so has he found; that as he has progressed from lower stages of development to a more elevated plane of being, so has he received the appropriate reward of his labor in a purer atmosphere and a diviner light.

Around the footsteps of Humanity are now clustering the choicest blessings and the sweetest hopes. All that man has longed and labored for in the past, seems to be now placed almost within his grasp. The flowers of truth, bright and blooming, spring up in his pathway, watered with the silent dew of Heaven; and holy influences, like the whisperings of soft zephyrs, fall sweetly into the depths of his inner being. It is one of the richest blessings of the advancing soul, that it can now look upon the changes of its past existence as one continued process of development, and that, by the principle involved in this process, it can look forward to its future course as the path that leads to a yet brighter destiny. The pleasing assurance may be ever felt and rejoiced in, that the same power which has guided the world thus far, will continue to impel and direct its footsteps—that as man has progressed in the past, so shall he also progress in the future, and that by the same means and on the same principle which have brought him to his present state of enlightenment and unfolding, will he be led on to higher and still higher attainments in the direction of the great Parent-Soul. It is safe, therefore, in this sense, to judge of the future by the past; and when we see, in glancing at the developments of other ages, what the universal tendencies of the race have been, we find that there is a well-founded and most cheering hope for man amid all the darkness in which his soul is shadowed.

It is of the highest importance that the real powers of the human spirit should be earnestly studied and correctly understood. One of the prominent obstacles to the progress of Man, has been that he has not comprehended his own capabilities. It has been the aim of religious chieftains to stifle the hopes and suppress the energies of the soul, by endeavoring to show that its very nature is corrupt and that its destiny is clothed in gloom. In this manner the advancement of the race has been greatly retarded; for it is a settled and well-known principle that a mind will not seek for that which it has no hope can ever be obtained, and, in the representations of theological creeds, it has been taught as a fundamental doctrine, that man, being totally depraved, can never of himself attain to that which is good. A new system of teaching needs to be established in the world, wherein the godlike nature and the vast capabilities of the spirit may be truly revealed. Words of hope and encouragement which shall show to man his real position and destiny, are required to brighten his shadowy pathway and to bring forth his inherent energies from the slumber of ages. Let therefore the glorious light that is now streaming from the spiritual heavens, be received as the herald of a new era in the history of the race; for by this a pathway of endless progress shall be revealed to the opened vision, and with the watchwords of Liberty, Fraternity, and Unity, man shall press ever onward to reach the waiting treasures of the Future.

THE life of God, breathing from the heart of Nature, inspires the human soul.

MUSIC;

THE LANGUAGE OF THE UNIVERSE.

IN those things already grasped by our senses, music prevails. In God's great cathedral, the forest, with tower-oaks, pine-spires, branch flying buttresses, the circular stained window of the setting sun, the altar drapery of tinted and gilded clouds, there is music; countless hosts of the insect choir hum their vespers to the One Supreme; little plumed warblers continually do cry hosannas in their delicate trebles; heart-broken doves, with the trills of the falling leaf and chromatics of the heaving breeze, the notes of the Miserere; and the Mocking Bird,—lens of musical sound, miracle of vocal transformations,—echoes and reechoes the universal orison through all its modulations of untaught praise.

Or, to enter upon the Sahara, where vegetation dies, music flourishes. The hot haste of the Monsoon, as it rides down horse and Arab, tent and camel, is the Marsellaise of the Desert; on that great stage whereon is played the Drama of Desolation, out walks the king of beasts, with a voice so ponderous, deep, rich and melodious, that, were all else in Nature silent, it alone would be the foundation for a scientific musical pyramid.

And there is water-music of Niagara, through the awful depths of multitudinous octaves; where it beats time on the rocks; and amid the foaming spray of its variations is clearly heard a steady theme, a Hymn to the Ever-Created—The Ever-Existent—the Ineffable Being—the Mysterious Author of all.

So, too, when the cloud-storm shuts out the light, suddenly an electric chord, as though torn from the celestial instrument, dazzles the light as it falls zig-zag down the sky, comes the music of the tropics, as the crashing thunder peals forth, and then dies away, as with big mutterings for humanity. And over the ocean, music hovers as a spirit; the diapason of Eternity is there in its fullness, a bright strain of masculine joy for the home-wafted sailor, or murky minor of wrath that howls his doom as he sinks into the wilderness of waters; a Voice of the Infinite running through the scale from pole to pole. The poetical figure of the stars singing was an inspiration in advance of the analogical revelation of Science; for this globe, as it whirls on its axis and darts forth the mystic ether, has a voice that fills the ecliptic with æolian harmonies; a lyrical being of its own.

The music of Nature is a large theme for fact or imagination. It suggested to Art what she has dilated upon. In the contemplation of so spiritual a subject, the artist feels the worth of his calling. He perceives that he is no intruder, no trifler, no mere minister to amazement in the profane language of the day, but a priest and prophet, like those who wielded the lyric of old. It is precisely the assertion of this character in Art that must open its doors to the generous. The gifted and the conscientious must make them sensible that their time is to be honorably directed, and as available to society as more tangible things.

Of all arts, Music is the most soul-like. It records nothing, proves nothing, can not satirize, flatter, count or calculate. It is the only art which in itself and disassociated from all others, is immaculate. Painting, Poetry, Sculpture, any one of these by itself can deceive, betray and debase, but Music alone is essentially divine. Its language is of Eternity. It seems to come from some better world, to flit across the senses and be rendered back to its fathomless home.

THE DEPTH OF NATURE.—In contemplating the immensity of the Universe, the mind is prone to consider only the external surface of the material world without penetrating into the recesses of the inner realm. If the soul is almost lost in wonder when it strives to embrace the inconceivable infinitude of worlds, how much more powerful would become this emotion were it to descend into the immeasurable depths of creation's life? To the materialistic mind it may appear that the mere surface of Nature includes the whole of its real and tangible existence; but it requires only a proper exercise of the reasoning powers to discover that there are essences and forces lying beyond the sphere of outward observation, on which all visible effects are dependent, and by which is formed a beautiful chain of causation leading to the Divine Mind.

R. P. A.

Social and Moral Ethics.

{Original.}

THE POWER OF RIGHT.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THERE is a worldly aphorism, quoted as often in earnest as in irony, that "Might makes Right;" but so far from adopting this sentiment, as one of right morals, or good policy, I shall hope to show, without much effort, that even the reverse is true; and therefore I shall proceed in the inverse direction to illustrate the genuine text; "Right makes Might."

However true it may be that arbitrary power often stands in the place of right, it does not—it can not—possess any faculty to change, much less create the properties of Justice. On the other hand, permanent force can reside only with the true and good; and these have the power to generate and control living and vital energies.

It is because the common mind does not perceive the working of hidden principles—does not comprehend forces until they are revealed—that men are made to succumb to the external authority and show of power, and hence do great injustice to themselves, by neglecting to exert those qualities which are essential to success. It is through the operation of this cause alone that any distinction is made to exist between Might and Right. In reality right only has power; and why we are ever led to suppose that wrong is powerful, is because we comprehend only the external bodies with which all forms clothe themselves. Self-deluded, we bow down and worship, not living Power, but the expressed forms of it, which even now are tending to decay. We revere the passive exhibition, not the active agent; and mistaking the effect for the cause, we are constantly following and yielding to a might which is altogether external and evanescent. In our servile adulation we kiss the border of the garment—we adore the pompous robes—but of the spirit which they clothed, or the power that projected them, we know nothing.

Nor is it strange that undeveloped minds should be arrested by the transitory and phenomenal shows of things; for when we rise into the position of men we only change our play-things—perhaps take possession of larger and more imposing toys; and in assuming the self-control of mature age, we do not "put away childish things." The most of mankind reverence the mighty pile that has been reared in the form of palace, tower, or pyramid. They have seen only this. They have not seen, and can not revere—can not even comprehend—the mind of the architect which planned, or the patient industry which reared them. They see and bow before outward forms, and arbitrary arrangements of religion, and of government, but have no understanding of those principles upon which these, however corrupt and decaying they may now be, originally depended for their existence.

The real creator of all things is invisible to the external sense. All that the common mind terms force and power is but the outward revelation and embodiment of the reality—is, indeed, but the effect, and not the cause. This incapacity of the rudimental mind to rise to the sphere of causation, and its tendency to confound cause and effect—to worship the creature more than the Creator—is the foundation of all the more permanent wrongs, external encroachments and monopoly; and, what is worse than all, arbitrary and thought-restricting formula, whether embodying the views of Church or State.

Cause and effect do not follow in alternate sequence, as is assumed by a rudimental and external philosophy; but in an eternal and infinite series, parallel, not serial, to each other. You can never discover a cause by tracing back effects. The cause is internally present with them all—externally nowhere. The attempt to reason of God's existence in this material manner, justly subjects us to the ridicule of the sceptical mind. After tracing one effect back to another, and finally, when lost in conjecture, we make the bold assertion that the last effect was produced by God, as the cause, we are still open to the legitimate question; of what is *he* the effect? Who made *him*? We can not by this material process find out God—nor indeed any thing real.

But may the effects serve no purpose in our search after truth? Certainly as indices, but not as realities, for realities they are not, however much they may be worshiped as such. The most enduring of all earthly things—the fundamental crystalline rocks—are only revelations of force and essences. They are not real. They must change; and the elements which gave them birth will combine to produce other and higher forms of motion, and of life. You need not attempt to find God, nor any cause, nor force, in the series of effects. They are as much in one effect as another. They are in all. It is the unseen reality which gives the outward form. The mighty oak grows with vigor, and strengthens itself in its thousand roots and branches. You see the outward thing we call a tree; you do not see the living force which made it what it is. The outward sense comes not in contact with this.

You see the form of a strong and powerful man; and it is true that the innate force of the man corresponds in a general sense to the external form; but you should not therefore say that that form is the cause of this strength; but rather that the strength was the cause and parent of the form. He is a powerful man, not because he has a powerful form, but because the vital force was great, and developed under favorable circumstances. He, however, who would assume that the form and dimensions of the man are an infallible test of strength, would often become deceived, as size, merely, would give little certainty of indication. The largest body, where the internal forces are wanting, is the weakest of all. So the small and compact form, is often accompanied by superior force and agility. Again, the robust man becomes weak by age, although there is no decrease of material accumulation; and the infant in a little while becomes the man of strength and power, thus clearly showing that the external revelations of strength are but manifestations of the interior vital power, with whose degree of activity, in all their changes, they precisely correspond.

Thus by external logic we are constantly liable to self-deception, which enlists us under the banner of arbitrary authority—the mere forms, and expressions, of forces already exhausted. Thus Absolutism is powerful. Thus Orthodoxy is powerful—not on account of any virtue of their own, but for the credit they enjoy in a world swayed by externals, of having once been the repositories of power. Thus your corrupt and dogmatical Church is sustained, while your advanced and progressive organization is left to make its way, like the poor man's child, dependent on its own merits for success. It is thought weak, despised, contemned, because its strength is counted by its comparative numbers, by its outward display of worldly wealth and popularity—not by the order of mind which it attracts, nor by the intrinsic, ever-living forces which it seeks to embody. The materialistic mind is led where the external show of power resides, not where its real presence is.

See Galileo, surrounded by the spiritual and civil lights of all Christendom, compelled to falsify the truth of a discovery which he had made in science. And yet, with him dwelt power to overthrow all their absurdities, and superstitions. He was compelled to bow, only because the persons who surrounded him mistook the question of Might. The Pope was strong, only because his myrmidons were ignorant, and mistook the trappings with which he was clothed, for the true authority and power. Could they have seen the question as we see it, they would have perceived that the real might—that which was destined to triumph—not merely for a day but for all future time—dwelt with him, in the great truth, which, by the assertion of brute force, they had overawed, and compelled him to forswear.

See the martyr who has shed his blood for human liberty, for heavenly Right. Why has the world arrayed itself against him? Simply because it could not discern the mighty force of principle which controlled him to a rejection of all expediency—to a defiance of all compromise. The devotees of the Old and Formal, exert all their power, and apparently conquer in the earthly strife. The stoical philosopher looks on, and says: See how truly Might makes Right. The spiritualist waits the rapid changes of time, then points triumphantly to the unseemly wreck, and asks: Where now is the might of the old wrong? What power has it, now, even to exist? The Form is a ruin; the Power has vanished, notwithstanding the support of deluded victims; or rather that support which constituted its only strength, even then, has been

removed by the might of Truth, and left the relics to fall into forgetfulness, and final oblivion.

But now are not these things, it may be asked by many, in view of the exterior forms of worldly pomp and power—are not these abiding and substantial things—real forces—which must compel, not only our reverence, but our coöperation? Nothing can be known by a superficial, or outside view. The only right way is to study principles. No matter about the forms. Truth alone is mighty, and will prevail. You may have the whole world upon your side—all its wealth, popularity, swords, and magazines of war—a simple Truth—a foothold of Right—is all I ask, to bid defiance to it all; and, in the confidence of a regenerate manhood, to wage the war, and determine on victory.

Only the few have ever understood the might which lies in Truth—have apprehended moral forces, and in obedience to the higher law, sought to employ them. And yet these are all. That outward manifestation of force which is so much worshiped—that external world—is unstable and changeable as the representations of a troubled dream. It is but a shadow—a mere phantom—which disappears when the soul has mustered sufficient courage to question it. The creations of Truth—the deeds of Right—shall stand, when the whole time-vesture has worn out, and disappeared.

POLITICS AND THEOLOGY.

THIS combination will be caviled at. What has Theology to do with Politics in a land the Government of which leaves every individual to the dictates of his own will and conscience, as regards his religious action and sentiments? will be asked by many. Such inquirers are referred to an eloquent lecture from the pen of the celebrated J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, of Geneva, published in the *N. Y. Observer*, on the inquiry, "*What is the theology suited to cure the evils of the present time?*"

The introduction to this lecture is devoid of any peculiar religious views, and presents so many points worthy of the earnest consideration of our community, that its publication in your paper is solicited for the information of such of your readers as may not otherwise see it. It is as follows:

"GENTLEMEN—Society is sick; it is agitated, discontented with itself, alarmed at the dangers which surround it. Since the tempest of 1848 has apparently subsided, the affluent classes have given themselves up anew to the stupefying influence of worldly prosperity, but they feel beneath their feet the trembling of an earthquake which sooner or later will engulf them; whilst the lower classes sullenly entertain envious desires, uttering at times ominous murmurs. The religious state of the world has little to tranquilize us. What can we hope for from an infidelity which leads to atheism? for pantheism is only atheism disguised under religious phrases. Sometimes it is not even disguised. What can we hope for from a Popery which is transformed as to its worship into Maronalatry, and as to its ecclesiastical government, into Jesuitism? The remedy is thus changed to poison. 'Because they sow the wind, they shall reap the whirlwind.'

"The question is, what can save society in the present crisis? Each epoch has its solution; let us run over those which have been tried during the last three half centuries.

"The half century which commenced in 1851, seems to believe that society is to be saved by restraint. We do not meddle with politics, but we believe that the very men, who now rely upon force, understand that something else is necessary for the regeneration of society. Laws by themselves will not suffice, the emanations of Divine authority make sin manifest, in from time to time repressing excesses, but they can not eradicate it; and these feeble barriers, will, as sometimes happens among our Alps, only serve to carry into the abyss those who lean all their weight upon them.

"The half century which has just passed, from 1801 to 1851, believed in another remedy for society. It placed it in political constitutions. Since the end of the last century, attempts of this kind have been numerous; but if, before 1848, any thing was expected from them, is

there any intelligent man who still deludes himself with their efficacy? Constitutions have no durability among a Roman Catholic people, because they are at variance with the principles of Popery; and civil liberty requires a counterpart in religious liberty, which is not to be found in the essential formalism of Popery. A false Protestantism even will not suffice. The liberty of a people can not be secure unless the Gospel has obtained great power in the midst of them. In order to be free *without*, we must obey restraint *within*.

"Lastly, gentlemen, the half century which occupies the middle of the eighteenth century (we are going back in order of time) invented another panacea, philosophy, culture, civilization. The French Revolution which followed the exhibition of these fine theories, proved their worthlessness. One of our most distinguished cotemporaries, after having remarked, in a fine treatise on civilization, that it has much progress yet to make, appears, at the same time, to regard it as the principal hope of our age; for, he adds, 'Let us be firmly attached to the principles of our civilization, justice, law, publicity, liberty.' But, ask now the men who, not long ago, held such language, and they will doubtless be the first to acknowledge that civilization can only develop that which is previously in human nature, and that all that it can do, is to give a more perfect form to the natural man. Yes, gentlemen, while the men of our time still require to learn forgetfulness of self, and devotion to the service of God and man, human wisdom will simply give them a more refined egotism. Instead of a rough flint, we shall have a polished flint, but still a flint. We have had enough of those theories of human improvement which commence, like Rousseau's *Emile*, by declaring that man is good; which know nothing of the power of sin—

* * * An old writer says, 'All that I know is that I know nothing.' The great lesson which has been given to society for several years ought to make it say, 'All that I know is that I can do nothing.' Looking at all these efforts failing one after another at this work of reconstruction, which tumbles down as fast as it is built up, we must anew ask the great question—'By what means can society be saved?'

Allusion to the answer given to the query raised is abstained from, as it might be deemed by some to be presented with sectarian objects. To divest it of the semblance of that motive, a sentence has been omitted. As presented, none but those who deny the existence of

"—a nameless He whose nod is nature's birth,"

can urge such an objection to its publication in your secular columns. Roman Catholics can not on this score cavil at the allusions to them, because they, where they possess the power to do so, subject all authority, temporal as well as spiritual, to the head of their church—the Pope; and well it is remarked by Dr. Merle, that "Constitutions have no durability" (he might have said *binding obligation*) with them, "because they are at variance with the principles of Popery."

Those of our own community who are not prepared to submit all government, including our own Social Institutions, to the infallible doctrine of "Pio Nono," and who possess intelligence capable of guiding public sentiment, will do well to look to the workings of our own admirable systems of government, and to ask themselves, whether there is not *here* as well as in Europe, some "trembling of an earthquake under our feet, which may sooner or later engulf" us in anarchy and wild misrule?

Let us look at our own homes in this, in many respects, justly proud city, which undoubtedly exercises no small influence for good or evil over the whole land. What have we been doing, and what is our position at the present moment?

Have not *we* been slumbering under the stupefying influences of worldly prosperity?

Have we not neglected our social duties, until the blessings of a free and public self-government no longer secure to us the fair administration of our public affairs, and law and justice seem to be in danger of utter subversion?

Has not the acquisition of property become the ruling passion of the people? so much so, that the means by which it may be acquired are to a great extent no longer considered a subject for social animadversion?

Have we not supinely abandoned the election of our public servants to the pitiful contentions of political partizans—merely seeking office and power—who wield to their purposes of selfishness, the unreflecting of all classes, and literally govern the city by the votes of paupers and and rowdies?

Has it not become a practical maxim—not only in the city, but in the State and in the General governments—that “To the victor belongs the spoils,”—not merely the offices, but the “spoils” which incumbents can extract from those whom they are employed to protect?

Has not enough been said to satisfy every reflecting and well disposed mind, that it is time for us earnestly to pursue the inquiry—

“BY WHAT MEANS CAN SOCIETY BE SAVED?”

—[*Journal of Commerce.*]

Facts and Phenomena.

Original.

ASSUMPTIONS NOT RELIABLE.

C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

MAN is strangely prone to undervalue wisdom. The most satisfactory and palpable evidence of living spirits has been given to men, but they have demanded still greater and stronger evidences of spirit-existence. Spirits have been seen, and felt, and heard; facts have been given, histories revealed, circumstances of a private character detailed; and yet those who have received all these proofs have doubted.

In the elaborate works of men to disprove the spirit-manifestations, no established rules seem to govern their writings. Assumption is the beginning, and error the conclusion. Spirits are said to be controlled by material forces, attracted upward from earth by an irresistible law, and on this assumption is based the impossibility of their making communications with men. Call for the evidence of such an assumption, and its abettors are dumb. Ask for the reason, and they make another assumption, and from that deduce an erroneous conclusion. They appeal to some natural law governing matter, and assuming that spirit is subject to such law, arrive at conclusions at war with all the authenticated facts of revelation. Spirits are not subject to the law of gravitation, nor are they forced upward or downward by any power whatever. It is impossible for any man to show, that spirit is subject to the law of attraction, or that it is necessarily forced away from earth, when separated from the visible body.

If the spirits were forced by law from earth in any given direction, they would not return, neither could they stop in their journey, until they had reached the utmost bounds of the action of such law. And when they had reached such bounds, they, being forced to such position, could not move from it. Hence their position, being fixed by law, could not be exchanged, whatever might be the desires of the spirit. Necessity would establish by sovereign power the exact position of the spirit, and from that position, there could be no release—no upward or downward flight. With such an eternal fixedness of position, no spirit in the body can ever hope to reach its wish, and this no philosophy consistent with nature and reason can ever approve.

Connected with this idea of material forces, acting upon the spirit to drive it away from home, is the unphilosophical and untruthful assumption of telegraphing from sphere to sphere. Earth's inhabitants are dwellers in the same natural sphere as spirits enjoy. Spirits are not remote, (as men and women use the word,) from their friends in the body. They need no telegraphic wires or lines by which to transmit their thoughts to

such as are in the body. There is no intermediate space of distance to be traversed in order to convey our thoughts to them. It is a great mistake, which supposes that spirits are at a distance of miles, or even rods, when revealing their wisdom to the mind in the body. It is true, spirits can act upon mind when at a distance of some feet, but it is not true that they can act, so as to communicate by writing or speaking, when removed from mediums beyond the point named.

Electricity is not a wire, not a line, nor can it be held in obedience of will in a continuous chain through the atmosphere for spirits to transmit their messages to men and women. There is the same amount of electricity now in the world that there ever has been, and no more. In all material nature, it has neither been increased nor diminished from time immemorial. But there is this difference. Its uses have been discovered. Former generations were ignorant of what later periods have revealed. The modern discoveries of its uses have extended the manifestations or opened the door through which revelations might be made, without encouraging the superstitions of the past. But electricity is the same in substance and amount now as ever. And what is called generating electricity is simply the collection or embodiment of what exists in nature. There is no new creation or augmentation of light, heat, matter, visible or invisible; but there is such a thing as condensation, or collecting by well understood means the electricity in nature. In all ponderable materials, electricity exists, but in different proportions, according to natural affinities. In wood, stone, water, earth, air, it maintains a uniform regularity. But it is sometimes assumed, that a table, a chair, or other material, is charged with an unusual quantity when moved without visible force. This assumption has never yet been proved by any test worthy of the least dependence. There is no amount of electricity that can possibly be lodged in a table, even by batteries constructed and applied to them, that will cause them to vibrate, or move, unless the attached connection shall induce the result, by a visible force. When there is no vibration of the chain, there will be no movement of the material table.

Hence, it is simply an assumption, which claims the movement of a table, or other material, without the action of intelligence. In the application of a battery to a lifeless body, the movement of the muscles is not attained independent of the operator. The battery would do nothing of itself, nor would it move a muscle of dead matter, even though controlled by intelligence, when separated so that no invisible connection should exist between the battery and subject. It is necessary that there should be a connection between the cause and the effect, the agent and the subject, in order to induce the action of inanimate objects.

Assumptions prove nothing. Vibrations prove nothing, when produced by tangible causes. All causes are tangible, recognized by the senses, and approved by reason. But when vibrations occur, when tables are moved, and material things are made to walk, without the aid of visible, recognized forces, it may be admitted that such movement is occasioned by an invisible power, and that power is life, and that life is spirit. Inert matter does not possess power to move inert matter in apposition to law, to attraction; but when tables are moved without intelligent causes, and that principle shall be fully settled, the natural world will not need a God to govern it; for, when a power is admitted that moves a table as aforesaid, the whole universe may be controlled in the same way, and by the same force; but, for the proof of either, man will search in vain.

T. PAINE.

Original.

MESSAGE TO THE CIRCLE OF HOPE.

GIVEN BY IMPRESSION.

TO FRANCES H. GREEN.

O YE beloved sitting in the bright light, which, as yet, ye can not quite analyze—waiting for the beautiful truths which still ye can not fully comprehend—inhaling the serene atmosphere of Heaven amid the impurities of Earth—be ye comforted ; for the blessing which ye are seeking for yourselves, shall bring forth much fruit of good for the world. Not yet will be unfolded the purest truth—not yet will be revealed the highest ideal ; for at this point of progress they could neither be rightly accepted, nor judiciously appropriated ; but such as ye need shall be given unto you.

Not as through a glass, darkly, shall ye much longer see ; but eye to eye, and face to face, shall ye behold the ministering spirits, that now, and evermore, surround you. Then shall ye more fully understand the beautiful plan of redemption to the race, which we are now seeking to accomplish.

Fear no evil. What is evil ? a sorrow—a shame—a misery—that lives but for a moment, and vanisheth as a shadow, to be no more remembered forever ! All Evil is transitory, and evanescent. Good, only, is unchanging and eternal. Fear nothing. To the truly developed mind there is no such thing as fear. It is a phantom of the darkness that disappeareth with the morning light. The spirit that receiveth angel guests should know nothing of this. Come what may, are there not loving arms to support, and loving bosoms to lean upon, and loving words to comfort ? Blessed are ye, most truly, beyond all former thought or conception of blessedness !

Beautiful—O beautiful, beyond human conception, are all the spheres of glory which roll on through space, keeping time forever to the grand and solemn chant of Ages. Beautiful are the flowery borders of the celestial fields, and the still waters of Life. Beautiful are the loves which attract together congenial natures ; and beautiful are the harmonies which flow out of their concerted action : yet Spirits have seen nothing fairer—nothing that fills the mind with such a sweet and holy rapture—as to see the light breaking forth in the midst of darkness—Love disarming Hatred—and new harmonies overcoming with their divine sweetness the discordant notes of Earth. Such a scene is present now. Even when two or three are met together in the name of Truth, behold, we are in the midst.

Open your hearts to the love of angels. Open your minds to the wisdom of Heaven, that ye, in turn, may teach, even as ye have been taught ; and truly in the work allotted you, shall ye feel that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

And shall not the happiness of this regeneration be almost like that of a new creation ? Who would not rejoice to be the bearer of glad tidings ? Who would not hasten to tell his neighbor, if he had discovered him to be in possession of an unknown treasure ? Go, then, and tell thy neighbor of the unestimated treasure he carries within himself—of this unrecognized soul—of this living, loving, and eternally progressive being, that still inhabits his degraded and corrupted Form. Tell him—even him, the despised of Earth, whose hands are filthy with the mire where he is delving, and whose heart is calloused with the wrongs and sufferings which he has so unjustly borne, that he, also is an heir of promise. Say that there is hope for him—even for *him*—that there is, sealed up in his breast, a pure

fountain of indestructible life—that he whom men dishonor, shall yet be the friend and companion of angels—that the rights, of which he has been so long despoiled—his affections, which have been so long crushed—his hopes, which have only lived to mock him with bitter disappointments—his aspirations, which have been smothered by the cold breath of the world—are all immortal, as the soul they have as yet only seemed to mock, with their unachievable greatness.

Could this one simple lesson be taught, there would soon be, neither Monopoly nor Wrong, nor Servility nor Despotism—neither Master nor Slave—neither Lord nor Vassal—neither Serf nor Bondman ; for all shall know the Truth, and in the truth that pure Liberty which can not be enslaved—and that true sense of Right, which would rather give its own, than encroach on the rights of others.

Original.

PORTRAIT OF A. J. DAVIS ;
PSYCHOMETRICALLY DELINEATED,

BY MRS. J. R. METTLER.

[The following admirable sketch is one of Mrs. METTLER's finest drawings. The more remarkable points of truthfulness are in *italics*.]

THIS seems like a person whose reflective faculties are very prominent, whose ideas are free, full, and copious, and whose language also is very active, sufficiently so to give a free expression to his thoughts. I say *his*, because the character seems masculine.

This person has a *very intuitive mind ; is governed much by intuition, which must be the ruling principle of his life*. He possesses unbounded benevolence and sympathy ; and his every word and deed would be marked by this character. He has an exalted idea, or love of Nature, and readily sees God in every thing that partakes of beauty and holiness. He has great firmness of mind and principle, and would be unwavering in proclaiming his opinions to the world, however much they might conflict with popular impressions. He also *possesses extremely large Concentrativeness*, and is governed much by this principle.

He would be somewhat cautious in argument, fearing he might injure the feelings of a combatant ; and he would not like to combat or discuss except in the spirit of mildness. As I proceed, this seems like an *extremely exalted and illuminated spirit* ; and I feel very happy in his sphere. There seems every thing about this person that is lovable ; he has also a great deal of self-respect and self-reliance, and I should think a strong attachment to home and place.

This person possesses *very powerful concentration of mind*. I should think that in the exercise of this faculty he would, for the time being, almost *lose his own consciousness* ; and he seems *much exercised in this way*.

I should think he might be fond of children and pets, though he may not be so open in the expression of this feeling ; and he is also fond of his family and friends. There seems to be in this character an innate principle of love toward every thing created. He can not be selfish in any of his acts, feelings, or attachments.

I should think this a person whose every effort would be to promote the welfare, progress, and elevation of mankind. He can make himself equally agreeable in conversation and writing ; and whatever he would write would tend to improve the mind and character of the human race.

The sphere is illuminated, and the spiritual far predominates.



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New-York, May 7, 1853.

REORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY.

It needs but a glance at existing conditions in the social world, to perceive that somehow there is false play. Looking still further, we perceive that this is not a merely local evil. It does not affect a class, clan, or any particular division of mankind ; but like a miasm it taints the whole social atmosphere ; and though the evil seems to fall more heavily on certain portions of the people than on others, yet all classes suffer. This, even if we dismiss all idea of a common fraternity of the Race, as worthy only of those who are run mad with a false philanthropy, may be illustrated, even to the rudimental mind, by the figure of a common body—the body politic. If one of the members suffer from any cause, will not the whole body be more or less affected, and the necessary interchange of vitality—of health or disease—be communicated by the common circulation, to all its conditions and degrees ?

The necessity of regenerating, by some means, the whole social being—body and soul—has been long perceived ; and though various remedies have from time to time been suggested, yet but little apparent good as yet has been effected. Most people believe that the world must still continue to jog on as they say it has always done, with its necessary accompaniments of misery and crime ; while even they who can more clearly apprehend the difficulty, can see no way of finally overcoming the giant Evil. But again there are a few—a small minority of hopeful clear-seers—who can look, not over, but through the Present, into the serene beauty of a millennial Future. They will seek to vanquish the Hydra, not so much by decapitating him, as by converting, insensibly perhaps, his substance into higher forms. If one believes in the doctrine of Progress, he can have no doubt that not only the individual but the social being, is now rapidly tending to higher conditions, and more harmonious developments. This conclusion is an irresistible offshoot of the faith, and can not rationally or rightly be severed from it.

It is not our purpose, at this time, to enter very deeply into

this question, but to take a somewhat cursory view of the matter, leaving more mature considerations for some future time. The great difficulty in the way of this work, seems to be, that most of the world, either do not apprehend causes, or they can reach only a certain number—and these perhaps are what may be termed secondary causes, rather than the great radical sources of wrong.

We can see very clearly that the condition of the miserable poor—the ignorant and depraved—the loathsome and the vile to external seeming, is not what it should be. This we know from the very instincts of our nature—from the bountiful means of support and happiness—from analogy and reason ; for most, if not all of us, it will be presumed, have rejected the God-degrading assumption, that poverty, and sin, and shame, have any connection with the Divine Idea in the structure and development of human conditions. But we can not look back of and below all this, so as clearly to comprehend the profounder depths of causation in the great labyrinth of false relationships, in which this evil, the condition of the poor, fearful and monstrous as it is, forms but a small portion of the dark and intricate fabric of Wrong.

We can see that it is hard for the poor widow to support her helpless little family on the few shillings she is able to earn weekly, by working late and early at starvation prices ; but we can not so clearly scan the monopolizing spirit which, on the strength of its capital, reduces the legitimate price of labor until at length it comes to be measured, not by its ability to sustain the workers, but by the necessities of their bodily condition, which demand that a certain amount of bread, and covering for the body, and shelter in some form, *must* be had. We do not see that one family lives on the actual earnings of perhaps a hundred poor laborers ; themselves, meanwhile, doing nothing in return for a life of careless ease, and a condition of princely magnificence. Yet this is true. And we might go back still further, and see how the love of display, the miserable frippery of fashion—the higher value which is set on the superficial and extrinsic, when compared with interior beauties and excellences, and all the false notions, false feelings, false habits, and false lives, which grow out of these, have the means of exciting, and sustaining, all this obvious injustice—all thus cruel plunder of the most sacred property—the Worker's natural and inalienable right to the just wages of his own labor. Thus we should not say merely that these one hundred poor families are in a state of want and suffering ; but that they are legally despoiled of the just fruits of their labor, in order that *one* other family may fare daintily, and be, if possible, without wordly care or sorrow.

So, in like manner, we can see how loathsome vice is, in the swearing fish-woman—in the little unfortunate children that throng our streets—or in the inmates of our prisons and penitentiaries ; but we can not look into the mind of the successful lawyer, and see the dark shadows of the old briefs that have brought in the wages of wrong—or into the heart of the popular preacher, and behold the Christ he is weekly crucifying, either by withholding the Truth, or by uttering, under the sacred garments of a divine authority, doctrines which his conscience denounces as false. Nor can we find in the well-kept books of the merchant, the unmanly and dishonorable trickeries, out of which may have grown his well-expanded fortune. But are all these worse than other men, you very naturally ask. Certainly not. These facts, which might be multiplied so as to take in representatives of every class, and every asso-

ciation known among us, are not libels, or slanders, on individual character ; but they are inevitable results of the utterly false conditions, which pervade the whole machinery of the social fabric.

Every human being, on entering life, is born into a state of antagonism. His interests, instead of running parallel with those of his friends and neighbors—if he has any—or, at all events, with those of other human beings—are supposed to develop counter directions. Therefore, when he rises to maturity as a business man, he must so far be the enemy of all other men, as to get, in all possible cases, the best of the bargain. And to do this, he is justified, by common usage, if he should press into his service words, which, sifted down, would show nothing but bare and utter falsehood, and deeds which, treated in the same way, would make fearful returns of something in the shape of fraud, or theft, or robbery. And all this he must do in sheer self-defense. If he does not take this advantage of others, others will surely over-reach him ; and something like this he must do, in order to live. Truth, as an agent in business relations, seems surely driven from the face of the earth ; and so well is this known, that the very child about the street would laugh in the face of one so weak and ignorant as to believe any thing that may be told him in the way of trade. And not only Truth, but Love is banished from our midst. A gross Selfishness is set up as the Moloch of the world ; and we not only lay our integrity, our manhood, but our individual and general good—our common happiness—on the altar of its degrading and unrighteous worship. Now the question recurs : Is there any cure for all this, and what shall be the remedy ? The answer may be given in one single word : DEVELOPMENT. But for the ways and means—the *modus operandi*—we shall be under the necessity of waiting for greater space, and a more convenient season.

A REVIEW.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHER ; comprising a series of twelve Lectures on the nature and development of the Spirit. R. P. Ambler, Medium.

THIS is a well printed and neat book of 150 pages in exterior dimensions, but of a spirit whose capacity and power may not so easily be estimated ; and if it is not a popular work, it will not be because it does not deserve a high place in the world's favor, but because the common mind can not, as yet, comprehend its great and beautiful truths ; for although it contains much that is very simple and clear to the common understanding, yet it must be a highly advanced mind that can truly appreciate and become one with its pure and ennobling spirit.

In a notice of considerable length, which appeared soon after its publication, the spiritual origin of the work was somewhat more than questioned, on the assumption that it has unfolded no new truths—nor any thing worthy of the illustrious authority claimed for it. But it seems to me that our neighbor was not well advised in the utterance of this sentiment ; for is not the very fact that spirits can communicate familiarly with the people of Earth, not only a new truth, but a very interesting and important one ? Yet even in an external sense, I am inclined to lay claim to several things, which, if not entirely new, have at least been pretty deeply hidden from the world in general, though they may long have been clear as unclouded noon-day, in that region where the objection first originated. I shall mention only a few of these points. Is not the distinctive dif-

ference between Electricity and Magnetism, which it defines, a new idea ? And do not also the theory of the Structure of the Human Spirit, the theory of Heaven, that of Spiritual Initiation, and of the Birth of the Spirit, or the process commonly known as Death, contain ideas which are not known in the philosophies of earth ? If the books or papers could be pointed out which comprehend these teachings, in the form and spirit here presented, I should like very much to have my error corrected ; but until then I must accept these things as new,—at least in their relation to popular conceptions.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the philosophy of the spiritual organization, as here set forth ; and though we have no external means of testing its authority, yet it has a reasonableness which appeals to the internal consciousness of truth, in such a way that I can not well question it ; for I feel that something like this must be the true theory of spiritual organization and relationship. I will endeavor as well as possible, to concentrate this divine idea in a few words.

The first essence of which the spiritual body is composed, is Electricity. By this term is not meant the gross fluid which pervades the mineral world, nor yet that more refined principle which is the primary agent of motion in the Vegetable and Animal kingdoms ; but it is a refinement and concentration of these. This highly refined electricity, then, constitutes the external clothing of the spiritual form, as the robe of flesh is the clothing of the corporeal form. It is through this fluid that the spirit maintains its connection with the outer world, by operating through its external organism. "Electricity, considered in this light, is the sublimated agent and medium of mind ; it is the external of the indwelling spirit, which has no other power than its own inherent divinity ; it is the sweet and purified substance which sustains the relations that this forms with the outward universe, and renders the unseen resident of the human frame the powerful soul of a weak and fading body."

The next essence, forming a more interior portion of the spirit, is Magnetism, which is the "refinement of electricity— which refinement is produced by the same eternal principle of motion which is the inherent and all-pervading law of existing substance." This sublimated and ethereal essence pervades the whole body, as the soul of its exterior or electrical element, and serves as a connecting link between it and the interior germ, to which it, in turn, furnishes clothing, as the electrical medium maintains the connection between the spiritual and corporeal bodies. In the human frame THE ELECTRICAL ORGANISM IS THE AGENT OF MOTION ; THE MAGNETIC, THAT OF SENSATION.

"Down, far down, in the almost inconceivable recesses of the spiritual being, lies a spark—a spark of life—a spark of light—a spark of fire—which fell from the ever-burning and shining Throne of the Omnipotent. This spark of life, and light, and fire, is the most interior germ of the human soul ; it is the deathless, unfading, and eternal germ of thought, intelligence, and consciousness."

The first and most prominent attribute of this germ of the soul is its IMMORTALITY ; and the next is its INCORRUPTIBILITY. I do not remember to have seen the last idea advanced in the same way by any other writer ; but it is an exceedingly reasonable one ; for if the interior soul could, in any wise, be corrupted or rendered impure, might it not gradually be absorbed by other principles, and thus finally rooted out and extinguished ? for is it not a law, that whatever may be corrupted, *may*, also, be destroyed ?

The great hope of the Future is in this idea. The mind may be dwarfed and cramped, and in its undeveloped condition, exhibit frightful deformities; but down deep in its recesses, hid in the labyrinths of ignorance and sin, the vital spark, itself, is not, and can not be extinguished—the most interior soul of the spirit yet remains pure. It is the legitimate offspring of Infinite Purity and Goodness, and therefore, having no natural affinity with Evil, it is not, and can not be corrupted.

Spiritual development, then, is the great cure for all human wickedness, corruption, and wrong, whether in the rudimental or second sphere. Thus I am driven to the conviction, that the very ground of faith in the immortality of the soul, must be established on its incorruptibility. There is, indeed, an innate consciousness of indestructible life, which, with the exception of a few individuals, is a universal characteristic of the race, pervading all ranks, every clime, and every degree of development; but this is an instinct, and not the result of any reasoning process. There is a very fine passage in this connection:

"The true evidence of immortality is the sense which the soul feels of this great reality. When all things fade and die in the realms of matter; when seasons come and go in their unceasing rounds; when the deep voice of autumn winds moans sadly over the falling leaves, and when the beautiful form, which was an external representative of the divine soul, bows beneath the change which creeps over all fair and lovely things on earth—then may the spirit, retiring within its hallowed sanctuary, feel the evidence of its eternal being, in the profound consciousness of indwelling life, which gushes up from the germ of the unseen, but immortal soul. This is an evidence which does not depend on the action of the external senses; which does not rest on the presence of the testimony of the ancient saints; which is not dependent on the life or death of any individual, and which has no connection whatever with any established faith or dogma of the Church."

A beautiful and healthful spirit pervades the whole work. It is filled with the sweet breath of a true consolation—it is inspired with a sentiment of divinest harmony—and so exalting is its influence, that we seem to breathe

"The beautiful and unimaginable ether"

that comes to us laden with sweet odors, as from the very Garden of God.

F. H. G.

LECTURE ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

MISS LUCY STONE lectured on this subject, on Monday evening, April 26, before a large audience in Metropolitan Hall. Her entrance upon the stage was greeted with loud applause; and throughout the lecture she sustained the good impression very happily. The address was entirely extemporaneous, not the smallest note being used, yet it was marked by a clearness and point quite remarkable, to say the least; and there was an occasional touch of humor and pleasantry, which made otherwise severe things more acceptable to many minds, without at all lessening their force. Her description of the different spheres of women was extremely happy. After illustrating the case by comparisons drawn from the Jewish and various heathen nations, she proceeds in the following eloquent strain, which we copy from the report of the lecture, as published in the *Tribune*:

We propose to give to Woman a higher and nobler life. We want to come to the daughters of the rich and the affluent, living in pomp

and luxury, and inculcate in them the true principles of action. We want to teach them that life is earnest and real—that they should have a higher aim than to eat, and drink, and dress fashionably. We want them to know that clustering around them are duties that the world demands shall be done at their hands. I know that they do not ask us to come to them. They think they are well enough off now. Living amid all the luxuries and gaities of fashionable life, they are often looked up to by the poorer classes with wistful longings, wishing that they, too, might live in such ease. But now and then we do see a daughter of the rich who does long for a higher and nobler life. I remember one who came to me a few years ago, and told of the inward longings and aspirations which she had for some nobler end and destiny than that which appeared before her. She was the daughter of wealthy parents; and she said that if she applied her head or her hands to the pursuit of any useful purpose there were those conventional laws which frowned upon her at every turn. When she had finished her education, as the saying is, she took the tour of Europe, and came back laden with much useful knowledge, ready to enter upon the duties of life. But she was surrounded by those influences which compelled her to remain a useless drone in society. I said to her, "Why don't you write those thoughts which are burning and seething in your soul? Why don't you write out these thoughts in a book?" "Oh," said she, "my mother abhors literary women." And there this girl was, with capacities to make a mark in the world, and gain for herself illustrious renown, but owing to the existing absurd notions of society, compelled to waste away her days by working little cats in worsted and dogs in canvass.

After reviewing the condition of the great middle class, she proceeded to notice the unequal compensation for labor which is received by men and women. The condition of the poor workers, the falsity of popular marriages, which are determined by the dependent condition of Woman, and the right of Woman to follow any business for which she may have natural taste, or fitness, are all treated with her accustomed ability. In speaking of the profession of medicine, in the latter connection, she says: "I think the time will come when men and women won't get sick—that they will know how to take care of themselves. But so long as people will take pills, let the women have the right to administer them."

On the whole it was a very truthful and even powerful discourse; and it seemed to make a most favorable impression on the audience.

BEAUTY OF THE INNER NATURE.

AN ANALOGY.

THE opening flowers of the Spring-time are the representatives of interior life and beauty. As the pure breath of Heaven awakens the earth from the slumber of winter, so shall the soul come forth to a new resurrection; and in the purity which is unfolded in its nature—in the truth which enrobes it as with a garment—in the beauty which mantles its divine thoughts and affections, reflected from the smile of the Father, is exhibited the holy image which it bears and the glorious likeness in which it has been created.

The world has no beauty so pure and so divine as that which is impressed on the unfolded spirit. It is a beauty which endures amid the blight of time and the frosts of death. More to be desired is this than all which the eye may see or the selfish heart covet; for in this is the fountain of indwelling life, whose streams flow through the depths of the spiritual being and give verdure to the barrenness of surrounding scenes. Therefore let the soul seek that unfolding in which it may find a true happiness, entering into the inner kingdom of harmony, which is the home of peace.

R. P. A.

Polite Literature.

Original.

THE BRAZILIAN HEIRESS;
A HISTORY OF SPIRITUAL DEVELOPMENT.

BY FANNY GREEN.

CHAPTER III.—THE ART.

But the little Theodosia was soon to put forth another, and equally strong tendency. In her nature the poetic temperament which she inherited from her mother, was strongly predominant; but it never took any specific form, until the commencement of her eleventh year, when a young painter, who had been employed by her father, in the difficult task of making a portrait, partly from a sketch which had been taken in early youth, partly from instructions which he, himself, gave, was the immediate means of deciding the point.

The first sight of the young artist's pictures threw her into a kind of dreamy rapture; but though she was pleased with landscape sketches, she was far more delighted with heads. Whenever he opened his portfolio, she would creep timidly near, as if, in her deep reverence for the newly-discovered Art, she felt that too free a look was almost profane; she would stand with the little hands folded on her throbbing heart, the fine head bent forward, the silken-fringed lids pendant, and every line of her expressive face interfused with the new spirit that possessed her. Her beauty, her enthusiasm, her divine rapture, all gave a character and expression almost superhuman. To the young painter's eye she seemed some youthful Spirit, or embodiment of his cherished Art itself; and not unfrequently he would forget the task before him—the picture of the Dead—to sketch, while the impression yet shone through eye and soul, some lovely, or piquant expression, or attitude, of the Living.

And now the work was completed. The last touch had been given to the figure, while its tone was deepened and brought out by the finishing of the back-ground. Theodosia had never been told that it was her mother's picture; and for several days she had not been permitted to see it at all; for Don George and the Artist wished to see if her memory could detect any likeness, as it was supposed she might remember something of her mother. She was now invited in to see the work. At first a strange expression of wonder, almost of fear, came over her speaking face. Then thoughts of mingled pain and pleasure appeared to be revived. There seemed to be a struggle to unite associations of the past and present. The feeling deepened. She paused. She stood still. The fair hands were clasped and lifted, the head bending earnestly forward. Then the whole rapturous idea broke upon her at once. She recognized her mother. With almost a shriek she exclaimed, "O! mamma!" and springing forward, she fell prostrate, overcome by the too vividly awakened image of the sweet Motherhood, that ever came to her in the form of her dearest angel.

No one had expected such a burst of feeling in the sunny-hearted child; and it was some time before she could be restored to her usual quiet. The test was perfect. Never did artist receive a more fervid and grateful acknowledgment of his merits, than Jozef Morelle. Don George tenderly embraced him—for he had none of the English coldness and caution in his nature—with tearful eyes expressing his thanks in no measured terms. With the largeness of generosity which many have, who acquire great fortunes by large means, he invited the youthful stranger to live with him always—to share, along with his darling Theodosia, his home, love and fortune. And as Jozef was an orphan, depending on the precarious means of a young artist, the offer was, for the present, accepted; Don George, with true delicacy, saying in the same connection, that he wanted several copies of the picture, one especially for his aged father-in-law; and he also wished his daughter to pay more particular attention to the art.

After all this was arranged, Theodosia returned quietly to look once more at the picture. She stood gazing at it for some minutes, as if

her soul were communing with the dear and mournful memories it awakened; and then suddenly springing forward, she clung round the neck of the Artist, whispering: "O, Jozef! you have almost given us back dear mamma! and how can we love you so much as we ought!"

The whole action was so simple, so childlike, so full of the sweetest and purest naïveté, that even Madame Laurette could not, by the lightest rebuke, show her that such a manifestation might possibly be wrong; and Don George felt too strong a sympathy to dream, even, of such a thought.

CHAPTER IV.—MOUNT CORCOVADO.

Theodosia became a regular student; and sketches, landscapes, heads, were achieved with a rapidity which astonished every one; and most of all him to whom they most endeared her.

They now took frequent excursions about the country; but besides servants, they were always attended either by Madame Laurette or the good Padre.

On one of these occasions they ascended to the summit of Corcovado, a treat which Theodosia had been promised for a long time. Passing through coffee plantations, groves of tamarinds and lemons, with groups and borders of orange and mangrove, they at length reached the point where it became necessary to dismount; and though a litter had been prepared for Theodosia, she insisted on walking all the way, a feat which she accomplished with seemingly less effort and fatigue than any of the party; though Madame had strenuously insisted, first, that she must ride; and then, when the little beauty was good naturedly perverse, as she was sometimes, that she would be glad enough to call for help, long ere the summit was gained.

"Let her try," said Don George, who wisely had encouraged the development of muscular strength. "Let her go on. It will be easy enough to stop when she can go no further."

And sure enough, it proved that Madame had miscalculated; for the girl, winding about hither and thither, now stopping to botanize, now pausing to catch some pleasant view, went gaily upward, with hands, and eyes, and heart, full and overflowing with her innocent but fervid joy. And whether Don George, to gratify her pretty little vanity of being the most active, detained the other members of the cavalcade, does not appear, but only the fact that Theodosia was first on the summit. And never did those lovely wilds echo a more musical shout than that which thrilled out from her soul, as the wide landscape lay, in one view, before her, the gayest and sweetest panorama, spreading out to the horizon. Even Don George was greatly moved, though not remarkably ardent in his admiration of the beautiful, unless it was embodied in the human form; and then, in his singular devotion, it was nearly concentrated in the idea of his wife and daughter—the one lost—the other reabsorbing more than the loveliness of the departed.

"O! paint it! paint it, Jozef!" was Theodosia's first exclamation; and then, as her eye wandered over the almost bewildering fairness of the scene, her emotion grew more intense.

Nothing could be more beautiful than the wide landscape that was presented to her eye, whether one were scanning the single features, or taking in the whole effect. The transcendently beautiful bay of Nitherhoy, which forms the harbor, is so completely secluded by the encircling mountains, that it has received the poetic appellation of the "Hidden Water," and is unrivaled by any similar scene of the known world. The shipping, seen in the distance, appeared like fairy fleets. The clear waters of the bay—the sweet islands that gemmed its expanse of silver, with dots of emerald—the fair city itself, which hardly appeared a city in the rural seclusion of its mountains—its picturesque environs—the endless variety of the broken hills, all dressed in the light airy verdure that clothed and crowned them—the crested palms—the plume-like foliage of a thousand creepers—the deep seclusion of the valleys that peeped out, like so many Edens, from the wooded and viny slopes—the castellated peaks of the mountains, shooting up into the wildest and most romantic forms, and the flashing white beaches of Praya Grande and Botofogo, were all seen through an atmosphere of such perfect transparency, as enhanced the beauty, which it yet made so clear and well defined.

Theodosia, in the depth of admiration, had been silent for some minutes; and then she sprang into her father's arms, and clinging to his bosom, said, pressing her cheek to his, while the tears streamed from her eyes, "How good is God to make this world so beautiful! And O, I am so happy that he has let me live—that he has let me live here, with you, and Jozef!" and reaching out her hand to the latter, she drew him, also, though blushing and uneasy, into the close and dear circle of her affections.

"And I do not forget dear Madame and the good Padré," she added, her vivacity breaking through, "only I have but two arms—and they are not the very longest!"

Soon after, the heats of the day coming on, they adjourned to a light pavilion, which had been erected for the temporary accommodation of visitors; and while Don George, who was somewhat fatigued, was taking a siesta, and Madame and the Padré were engaged in the discussion of a delicate point of faith, Theodosia and Jozef made little sketches, and pursued their talk uninterruptedly together.

CHAPTER V.—JOZEF.

There had been a short silence; and the young painter had grown very sad. Theodosia observed it, and asked the reason. He shook his head mournfully; and the little girl went on with her questions. "You are lonely. Perhaps you are sighing to see your mother, or your sister, or your wife."

"Alas;" replied Jozef, "I have neither, I am truly all alone in the world."

You could not look yourself up a mother, or a sister, could you?" she said, with an expression that showed her earnest wish to help him out of the difficulty; "but you might find a wife; couldn't you?"

"Ah no;" he replied. "The avails of my art will scarce provide for myself. I am poor."

"What is poor?" she asked, pressing a delicate thumb and finger against her white forehead, with a look of perplexity—"I do not think I understand what poor is;" and she reflected musingly. "Ah! now I remember when Mamma—Heaven rest her sweet soul!—used to take me to La Misericordia, she said the people there were poor; but they had every thing so nice around them, I never thought it could be an unpleasant thing. Tell me, Jozef; for if it is, I will speak to papa about it; and it shall never trouble you."

"Ah! my sweet Theodosia;" he replied, "may you always remain in this blissful ignorance of life's greatest evil, which has paralyzed many a warm heart, and bound many a strong hand."

"But if you live with us as papa wishes, you will not be poor, will you?" said the girl.

"Ah, no! that can never be;" he returned.

"But, yes, it can;" she responded, laying a finger on his arm, with a very positive air. "So you have no sister, then? That is sad. I have no brother. Suppose I should give myself to you, to be your sister; then you would be my brother; and I should gain as much as you; and papa could be father to both of us. I will run this moment and ask him. Or if you do not like that," she added, hesitating, "you might marry some rich lady. There is the Donna Elise, or the Donna Clara, or the—" how many other Donnas she might have recommended can not be surmised; but he interrupted her.

"It is impossible. Do not speak to me so, Theodosia. I am almost—but not quite—a beggar!" he ejaculated despairingly.

"You think, perhaps, they would not marry you; but they would—indeed they would!" persisted the girl; "and I could tell them how happy I have been since you came here—and—what a blessing it is to be near you," she added, with a blush of almost awakened consciousness.

He smiled mournfully; but said nothing; and she went on—"But I am sure I do not wish it. I should be very sorry to have you go away, as in that case you must. Indeed, I did not think how very wretched that would make me;" and she wrung her little hands with an acute expression of sorrow. But brightening up again, she continued: "I see now there is no need of that. I will be your sister; and you shall live here, and be my brother. I can not wait till papa wakes, I will go this instant and rouse, that I may ask him."

Kissing her hand playfully, she was springing away, spite of his entreaties for her return, when a new thought possessed her; but still intent on her benevolent purpose, she came back, and standing directly before him, she looked him full in the eyes, with all the deep earnestness and beautiful truth of her nature beaming through hers, and said, "On the whole I think I will not ask papa *that* question. You said, Jozef, or seemed to think, a rich donna would not marry you. I think one would be very simple not to choose a companion that would make one so very happy. I would marry you, Jozef, in one moment, if I were only old enough—and papa was willing—and if—perhaps you would not like to wait?" she added, hesitatingly, as the new difficulty occurred to her; and then, seeing him smile, she put her little living ruby of a mouth close to his ear, as she whispered, "shall I ask papa *that* question?"

There was something in her whole manner so sweetly innocent, so exquisitely delicate, so perfectly unconscious of anything wrong, or dangerous, or peculiar, one could see at a glance it was not the boldness of a hoyden which thus inspired her, but the simple kindness of a gentle heart, devising ways and means of happiness, for one to whom it was overflowing with grateful affection. He gave one hurried glance at the Duenna; and finding that her back, for the moment, was turned, he drew the fair young creature tenderly, but sorrowfully, to his arms; and parting the bright curls, pressed his lips upon her forehead, whispering, as he did so, "No, no; my dearest little sister! I had rather you would not."

"Then I am afraid," she said, withdrawing herself with some dignity, as if she had an instinct of what was due to her sex—"I am afraid—"

"What is it you fear?" he asked with a sad smile.

"That—you do not love me as well as I love you; for I think it would be very pleasant to live with you, always; and so does papa, I know. But indeed," she added, as if she were, in her sweet bewilderment, coming still nearer to the true state of the case, "I did not say what I did for *that* reason. I said it because I saw that you were sad; and I wished to make you happy. But if it displeases you, pray do not remember it; pray do not!" she added imploringly; and going close to him, she took his hands in both hers, and looked up into his eyes with such a truthful, yet deep and tender expression beaming in her own, as made him feel the danger of being too near, young as she was. He was most truly honorable in all his character; and he now saw clearly that the fazenda of Don George could no longer be his home.

Scarcely returning the pressure of those tender hands, he said, "No, my sweet little sister, I am not displeased with you. You never would, or could, I am sure, do any thing to displease me. I am only sad because I must soon leave you."

"But is that true, Jozef?" she asked, as if doubting the evidence of her own ears; and then with her happy faith she added, "O, no; you are in jest—you do not mean it!"

"Indeed, I do," he replied. "Probably in a week from this day I shall be on my passage to Boston in the United States, where I have an uncle who has invited me to pay him a visit, and with whom I shall probably sail for Europe."

Still she bent her eyes on his, with that same earnest, but saddened, look, as she said: "Jozef, if you do go away, it really seems to me as if I should be very unhappy. I do not know what it is, to be sure; but I really think I shall be quite miserable. Indeed I feel as if I should cry now, just for thinking of it!" and the softest little sob in the world bore testimony to the truth of her remark. Then a fuller consciousness of loss coming over her, she drew her hands away, and running to her father, she threw herself on his bosom, and wept as if her little heart would break.

Don George, when he learned the cause of her tears, was hardly less afflicted than his daughter; but notwithstanding the most liberal offers, he found the young Artist inflexible. Alas! why could he not have had a presentiment of the cloud, which was soon to overshadow that bright young life, that he might have staid to shelter it from the all-untried and pitiless storm! Had he remained, the whole tenor of Theodosia's life, and his own, would have been different. She would

have been spared much suffering, while at the same time, she would have missed the acquisition of that highest mental and moral power, which is wrought out of suffering. Even gold is refined by the trial of fire; and the finest virgin ore comes out purer from the crucible. To every strong character there must be a period of intense trial—a crisis in its fate, over which, if it passes triumphantly, it has little else to fear. But I anticipate.

Thus the day which had begun with bright hopes, and sweetest smiles, ended, like many days in this chameleon-winged life, with mournful anticipations; and the sun that had risen so gaily, set in tears.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE ARTS.

THE PASTORAL AGE.

BY WILFRID WHIPPLE.

MANY changes occurred as the nature and capacities of man gradually unfolded themselves; new wants came into being; and these, again, suggested new inventions. And now another era dawns on human history.

A hunter had gone astray from his companions and was quite lost in the wilds. The last root was taken from his pouch of dried deer skin, and there was no game to be found. Springs of fresh water were not always to be met with; and at length he was suffering bitterly both from hunger and thirst. He fed for several days on such farinaceous leaves as he could find; but at length he grew so faint that his heart wholly failed, and he sat down on a crag of the mountain side, and surrendered himself to the thought of his lonely and bitter death. He had not been long in this position, when a female goat, with her frolicsome kid gamboling around her, appeared on the point of a rock just above; and she stood looking at him, as if she understood, and pitied his forlorn condition. The rich milk was dropping from her full udder; and in an instant he perceived the relief which Heaven had appointed. The inferior animals of that remote region had not learned to fear man; and by some natural expressions of kindness, he enticed the gentle and loving creature to his side, when his hunger and thirst were at once appeased, by that nutriment which had been provided for her young. Refreshed and strengthened, he arose with a light heart, and a strong will; and finally succeeded in retracing his way home, bearing with him the secret of his discovery. From this time the training and feeding of herbivorous animals for their milk, as well as their flesh and skins, became the great business of mankind. These were collected in flocks and herds, and driven from field to field, as the herbage became exhausted. Numerous vessels also were made to receive and retain the precious fluid. These were made of the shells of the gourd, and gourd-like plants, of the bark of trees, more frequently of skins, and sometimes also of blocks of wood, hollowed out by means of sharp stones, the only cutting instruments yet invented.

This new arrangement in human affairs required, as will be seen, frequent change of place; and as their cavernous abodes were natural fixtures, they could not be removed, neither could they always find shelter themselves, where Nature had provided for the sustenance of the cattle. They began also to perceive that man is not, by instinct, a burrowing animal, inasmuch as the pleasant sunshine, and all the agreeable varieties of the upper world, were far more congenial to his taste, than the ill-ventilated, and tomb-like dens they inhabited.

While these thoughts were revolving themselves slowly in the minds of the most suggestive, they happened, at one time, to pass by the citadel of that most gregarious of birds, the sociable weaver. They stopped to observe it. There was a large roof woven of grasses, and sloping on all sides, so as to afford shelter to a whole community of nests. The eyes of the foremost person—who happened to be a woman, and withal of great intelligence—brightened with the glimmering of a new invention, and she quickly explained to her companions, an idea which at that moment suggested itself. In all human affairs the discovery of an evil is the first and most important step toward a remedy, nor was it long before our inventress came forward to the relief

of the present want. Having collected a quantity of skins, she stitched them together, using sinews for thread, which she wrought into her work by winding fibers round the point, and punching holes in the material with a sharp stone. Having thus obtained a covering, it was stretched on poles, which were inserted in the ground at suitable distances, and thus made a kind of roof-like shelter. But driving rains and cold winds, frequently beat in at the sides; and skins were suspended for temporary shelter. At length, after numerous experiments, the first roof-tree was raised, to which the covering was confined, being drawn from thence obliquely to the ground, where it was fastened to the earth by means of pegs. And here, in the simple triangular figure of the tent, we have the germ and primitive idea of all architecture.

This new habitation possessed many important advantages. It was light, and could be removed as necessity prompted change of place; and therefore, residence, being commanded at will, could be brought into the most commodious and fertile districts.

In the process of time, a tent, belonging to a certain family, happening to stand on a clayey soil, the ground underneath the fire was baked into a firm consistence. A portion of this being accidentally broken up, on removing the tent, its properties became manifest. The material was abundant, and from its plastic nature, could be easily molded into any required form. A rude kind of basin was at once fashioned, and laid on the coals to bake; and though it was broken in the operation, yet the experiment suggested others, until many household utensils were wrought from clay. Molds were afterward made to preserve the forms, and pits were prepared to bake them, and here we have the rudimental type of porcelain. As it is now, so it was in the beginning. Ornament followed quickly in the footsteps of Use. They began to adorn their vessels with colors, which they learned to extract from various substances. These were at first uniform, but afterward traced in many rude devices.

All this time language had been gradually increasing, both in volume and expression; yet it was very far from being verbose, though what it wanted in copiousness, was supplied by the intensity of feeling and action. The whole position and life of man were so full of mystery, as powerfully to excite the imagination, which is a spontaneous faculty, requiring less education than the reason; and hence it was earlier developed; so language became bold and figurative, to a degree of which we can have no conception, in these days, when grammar, rhetoric, and elocution, bind speech by their cold and measured rules.

It happened at that period that a strong hunter returned from the chase, bearing the trophy of a dead lion, slain by his single hand. This animal had long been a disturber of the fold, and so his death was naturally the occasion of a public festival. The important news of the victory had preceded the victor, and the people all sallied forth from their tents to meet him, and rejoice over the conquered foe. They gathered themselves together, men, women, and children, under the shadow of a spreading palm, the hero reclining in their midst. They would all have the story of the conquest from his own lips.

Warmed with the fires of his own victory, he stood up and rehearsed the scene. He described the monster as he first sprang from his lair. He spoke of the terrible eyes, shooting forth gleams of living fire—of the mane bristling with terrors—of the voice that shook the hills like thunder—of the awful moment when they stood eye to eye—he and his savage foe—of the desperation that nerved his hand—of the spear that drank his heart's blood—of the tremendous death struggle—and the exultation of the final conquest. The boldest figures—the most passionate terms, were but necessary adjuncts to his speech; and his words flowed naturally into numbers. Strong men trembled at the vivid picture. Women fainted, and the children shrieked, in the intense excitement of the scene. But the power of harmony, flowing into the language of passion, had been evoked; and it was never to sleep again.

The gifted hero was invested with a new dignity. He was invited to visit distant tribes, whither the fame of his achievement, and his more wonderful rehearsal of it, had flown. He was considered as a sacred being, and henceforth he was permitted to live without labor; and thus early was Poetry, the eldest born of the Arts, known and revered, among men.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

BY LOUISE J. CUTTER.

FROM fifteen to twenty-five we dwell in the visionary world. While the fascinating ideal lies before us, with its bright colorings, and sweet, poetic dreamings, we scorn and detest the cold and sickening reality. With the ideal spell upon us, we read in every flower a romance—see in every star a phantom brighter than the star itself—hear in every melody a strain which thrills our souls, and awakens every slumbering feeling of sympathy. But time glides away, alike unheeding happiness and sorrow. The sweet life of youth is past, and, with maturer years, comes care and anxiety. We pass from the visionary world, to the cold, business-like reality. We love the same sunny flowers; admire the same silver stars; and listen enraptured to the thrilling notes of melody. But, oh! we no longer read a romance in the rose petals, fancy bright phantoms in the stars, nor do our souls thrill with every note of music. We see the flowers without the romance; the star without the vision, and deem the sympathetic strain lost in the melody we used to love.

Thus it is, passing from the ideal to the real. In youth, we view life through a gauze-like veil, which while it shows luxury and pleasure in the most gorgeous light, conceals by that same siren brilliancy, the rough paths of toil and sorrow which we wander through in after years.

The poet, seated in his cheerless room, alone and without luxury, will forget the world as the spell of poetry steals over his soul. He does not see that every article about him bespeaks blighting poverty; he thinks not of the wealth and gaiety which even then glitters in the world around him. He is buried heart and soul, in the glorious world of poetry, and, as he traces with a trembling hand the eloquent thoughts which rush upon his fevered mind like living waters, the flying pulse, the flushed cheek, and the strangely brilliant eye, reveal the startling intensity of the wordless eloquence which bewilders his brain and scorches his very heart. The midnight hours fly on unheeded. The cold, gray light of day steals through the dusty windows, and the visionary heaven fades like a wanning star from the poet's mind. Before him lie the sentiments of his soul, traced in lines which mayhap will thrill millions long after the green sod covers the form of him who wrote them.

But the poor poet scarcely bestows a look upon the well-filled sheets. The sweet spell of imagination has left him dispirited and heart sick, and he enters the proud world once more, sickened and disgusted with its staring realities.

The glowing pictures we weave so brightly "in youth's sweet time" are never realized in after life. But even when the dark hair has turned to gray and the young form becomes bowed with years, we look back upon those youthful dreams with emotions almost as sweet and painful as the prisoner in his lonely cell who sees for the last time the lingering sunbeams.

Ah! well it is for us that the ideal becomes lost in reality, else should we cling too closely to the pleasures of earth. The ideal once banished, and we pass through real scenes of life-sorrows, till the heart is led to place its hopes and dreams upon a better shrine, and to look beyond this weary world for happiness which fades with the ideal of youth.—[*True Flag.*]

TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children," said I.

"I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven."

There spoke the mother! Still hers! only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved and cherished, by the hearth and at the board; their places not yet filled; even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed.

"Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest; no sickness there; no drooping head nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pasture, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold.

"Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive! Eternity nearer! Invisible cords, drawing the maternal soul upward. "Still small voices," ever whispering, come! to the world of spirits.

"Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels! Walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps! cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earth taint; so shalt thou "go to them," though "they may not return to thee."

—[*Olive Branch.*]

Original.

THE LUNATIC-GIRL'S SONG.

BY THE LATE MISS HETTY W. HURD.

I'm a spirit of air. On a ray of light
To Earth's remotest bounds I fly,
I wing my long and measureless flight
Through regions rapt up in eternal night,
Unexplored by mortal eye.

The deep things of Nature before me lie,
And nothing is hid from my mental sight;
I can travel far back to the ages gone by,
Pierce through the thick veil of Futurity,
And bring her dim shadows to light.

I ride on the whirlwinds when forests are bowed—
When the Thunder-god speaks and the mountain is riven—
The lightnings I wrench from the shivering cloud;
And with the great glory myself I enshroud,
As I soar through the star-spangled heaven.

With the Spirits of Light I rove about, where
No mortal has wandered since Time was begun;
I range through the gardens of Paradise fair,
And drink the sweet waters that vaporize there,
In the rays of the bright morning sun.

Then away through the deeps of the ocean I go,
Through their bright pearly caves with the Sea-spirits roam,
Where unnumbered gems, with their starlight glow,
Illumine the vales of that bright world below,
Where the Sea-king sits on his throne.

Sometimes through the earth I descend quick as thought,
And seize on the treasures that hide themselves there;
See gold of the purest with stars I have wrought,
Formed of elegant gems from the deep mine brought—
I have twined it around my hair.

For a guardian angel I come unto thee,
And thy steps I will follow the wide world o'er;
Yes, I'll follow thee over the mountain and sea,
Till thou enter that shoreless eternity,
Where sorrow can reach thee no more.

Original.

THE BUBBLE.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Once time there was a fairy
That built a palace fair;
'Twas rounder than the harvest moon,
And almost clear as air.

The moonlight gave it silver,
The sunshine gave it gold,
And all its hangings, rainbow-hued,
Were sure of price untold.

And pictures fresh and glowing
Hung round its ceiling bright;
And a star up in the arched roof
Poured down its liquid light.

The fairy ne'er could enter,
For entrance none was there;
And when she broke its crystal walls
It melted into air.

Summary of Intelligence.

FOREIGN.

THE government of Italy have made the extraordinary demand upon the brother of M. Montanari, who was lately executed at Mantua, to pay 27,000 livers, the cost of seizing, trying and hanging his brother; although the government had previously confiscated the estate of the victim.

The London *Morning Advertiser* says, "we learn from good authority, that not only was Mazzini in safety at the date of the latest advices from Italy, notwithstanding all the vigilance of the Austrian police, but that he may be expected in England in about a fortnight."

Eighty-two political refugees are on their way to New-York.

Accounts from Milan state, the rigors practiced by the Austrian authorities begin to be slowly relaxed. The public are permitted, under certain restrictions, to walk on the bastions during daylight.

IN England, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has proposed a plan for the reduction of the national debt.

A meeting, summoned by the Mayor, had been held at Newcastle, calling on the government to aid Turkey against the designs of Russia and Austria. It was numerously attended. A new committee has been formed in London with the laudable purpose of relieving and procuring employment for Italian refugees.

The Queen, on the 7th April, gave birth to another son, at Buckingham Palace.

THE New Brunswick Legislature has issued an address to the Queen, asking her to continue the same protection to the fisheries which was afforded last year. They desire reciprocal free trade in the natural productions of their provinces, coupled with the privilege of the fishermen of both countries to fish on all the coasts and in all the bays of both countries.

THE *Trieste Zeitung* publishes a letter from Smyrna, 16th ult., stating it was generally reported there that the Czar had promised Napoleon to recognize as legitimate heir to the French throne the first born son of the present Empress, in return for which Napoleon had conceded the matter of the holy shrines. A very palpable *canard*.

ACCOUNTS from Vienna confirm that the refugee question between England and Austria is settled, by the former promising to keep a close supervision over the refugees in London, and subjecting them to prosecution whenever they make themselves amenable either to the English or international law.

BADEN letters of the 31st March, say that a coalition of the States of Southern Germany, for the purpose of establishing a blockade against Switzerland, was seriously contemplated.

HOLLAND.—The *Emancipation Belge* says that the reestablishment of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in Holland is not to be carried into effect without opposition by the Protestants.

IN Prussia a conspiracy has been discovered and broken up, which contemplated the establishment of a German republic.

A treaty for the mutual extradition of criminals, is announced between Prussia and the United States.

ON the 9th of April, about forty-five political prisoners, charged with insurrectionary attempts, were sent from Havana to Cadiz, to await the decision of the Queen.

DOMESTIC.

THE "Association for the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," which is to open the first of June next, in this City, promises to be a splendid and satisfactory operation. There have already been sufficient applications to fill the Crystal Palace at least five times; and the amount of floor-room for the accommodation of articles, including galleries, is about four acres. Among other foreign specimens, the Fine Arts of Italy will be fully represented. Applications from all parts of Europe are very numerous; beside some from countries in

Asia. The price of admission for spectators will not exceed fifty cents each. Adjoining the Palace will be an Observatory, 350 feet high.

LOSS OF THE INDEPENDENCE.—The fears of the loss of the steamship Independence, noticed in our last, have been sadly confirmed. On the 16th of February, she ran upon a shoal of Margaretta Island, off the coast of Lower California, breaking a hole in her bottom, from which she commenced filling with water. She soon after took fire and burned to the water's edge. Of the five hundred passengers and crew on board, one hundred and seventy-six were lost.

STRIKE FOR FREEDOM.—Twenty-five negroes ran away from their masters in Broome Co., Ky., on the 2d ult. Among those who have lost their servants are two ministers of the gospel. The *Aurora Banner* says that some weeks before their departure, one of the slaves procured and read to his comrades "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and it is supposed that the beauties of Canadian freedom, as pictured by Mrs. Stowe, were the inducements to run away.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.—An order was adopted by the Massachusetts House of Representatives, on the 15th ult., directing the Committee on Education to inquire what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the ignorant and credulous from the delusive arts of the spirit-rappers. It might be somewhat amusing to see the attempts to enforce any human legislation against the real cause of the rappings.

POSTAL.—England, through the London Postmaster, has informed Postmaster General Campbell, that since the treaty of 1848, that country has received double pay on all newspapers sent from the United States; and she now offers to refund the surplus. Judge Campbell has taken measures to prevent any mistakes of the kind in the future. Newspaper postage will be hereafter two cents instead of four.

A COMPANY of young married men in New-York city, numbering one hundred, have associated themselves under the title of "Excelsior Pioneer Association," intending to form a colony on the banks of Lake Minnetouka, in Minnesota. The climate of this locality is described as very healthy, the soil fertile, and the scenery charming.—[*Milwaukee Free Dem.*]

GOVERNOR LANE, of New Mexico, declares his intention of annexing a portion of disputed Mexican territory, which lies between the boundary line as fixed by Commissioner Bartlett and that understood to have been designed by the U. S. Senate, and containing some two or three thousand inhabitants.

DEATHS IN PRISON.—On the evening of the 17th ult., six men were confined into the Tombs in this City, four of whom died in the course of the night from the effects of carbonic acid gas, arising from the cellar beneath.

A WRITER in the *North American Review* says, "the annual supply of the precious metals will not fall below a hundred millions of dollars, for many years, and that in a quarter of a century this supply will depreciate money to one-half or one-third its present value."

LETTERS from Mazatlan confirm the rumor that Roussel had projected another invasion of Sonora, and that he had raised one thousand men to assist him. Senor Tranconis had been ordered by the Government of Mexico, to take command of the troops and defend the city.

THE ARCTIC EXHIBITION.—Dr. Kane is about sailing on his expedition to the Polar Sea in search of Sir John Franklin. He is well provided with provisions and implements. He will return if possible in eighteen months.

GENERAL SANTA ANNA, for the fifth time, has assumed the government of Mexico. He has published a manifesto which is overflowing with patriotism and appeals to his countrymen for coöperation.

HON. W. R. KING, Vice President of the United States, died at his home in Dallas County, Alabama, on the 18th ult., aged sixty-eight years.

THE overland emigration from the Western States to California and Oregon, is far greater this year than any preceding one.

PHENOMENAL.

RUINS IN MEXICO.—Col. D. S. Miles of the U. S. Army, writes to the Maryland Historical Society, that extraordinary ruins have been found at the site of Gran Quivira, by an old man named Campbell, who was digging for treasures. From existing indications, the city was at least three miles in length, and a half a mile or more in breadth; some of the houses still in part standing, and built of *hewn* stone. He commenced excavating where he saw vestiges of a Temple, in hopes of finding treasures. After sounding about, he discovered a hollow place; cleaned away the dirt, and reached a floor; dug through it, thinking he was getting into a cellar, but found a room entirely empty, about 16 to 18 feet square, with polished walls, and with paintings, or colored figures all over it, and ascertained, for the first time, that he was then on a level with the street, which is from 10 to 15 feet beneath the present surface. He and his party used this room as a dwelling while at the place. He dug at another place, which he supposed to be at the altar, and came to a flat rock; on clearing away the rubbish, he discovered where it had been excavated, and nicely covered by a close fitting, hewn, flat rock. He was sure of a prize, raised the rock, and found in a carved-out hole in the solid rock, the skeleton of a human body, Indian in appearance, the whole perfect, but which, in a few moments, by exposure to the air, dissolved, not leaving a particle of evidence of a human corpse but fine dust. On digging further at that place, he found four such vaults and human skeletons. He abandoned the town and went back to the hills, and found a cave, but on opening the mouth, discovered it to be the shaft of a mine. This he followed for nearly a quarter of a mile, seeing throughout evidences of a shining mineral on all sides. He returned to town, where he discovered many remnants of architecture. About twenty miles from Gran Quivira, on the line of an old paved avenue, leading from that city, he found a large village in ruins.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN GERMANY.—Dr. Charles Andree, of Bremen, a scientific man of the highest character, furnishes the *Algemeine Zeitung* with the intelligence that the moving of tables, by an invisible power, in the presence of circles, is being practiced in all classes of society in Germany. Dr. Andree, in ignorance of the real cause of the movement, calls upon scientific men to investigate the phenomenon.

DR. ALBERT KOCH, has discovered in Arkansas, the remains of an enormous reptile. They were found in a calcareous formation, and are in a perfect state of preservation. The bones belong to a most colossal reptile, of the nondescript species of the Saurian or Lizard of old. The vertebrae have the appearance of those of a large-sized elephant, the spinal marrow is remarkably small, the teeth very much flattened, wire-shaped, and bent backward, and prove the reptile to have been of a carnivorous nature. There is hardly any analogy observable between this creature and the *Zenogodon*, which belongs to a more distant epoch of the world.

An exchange paper states that about 19 years ago, a Mr. Hait, of Wilton, in Fairfield county, Conn., then a remarkable good student in his collegiate course, was suddenly deprived of his reason and memory. Recently, in fulfillment of a prophecy by Dr. Chaplain, of Cambridge, Mass., he recovered the full use of his mind, and inquired for his books; but the whole nineteen years was to him a blank. The prophecy was founded upon the opinion that the brain was too much expanded for the cranium, and that at about the age of thirty-six, a contraction would take place.

MAD STONE.—The Editor of the *True Democrat*, (Joliet, Ill.,) says that he has been informed by persons of the most undoubted veracity and intelligence, that there is a kind of magic stone, by the application of which hydrophobia can be cured. He says: "Two persons in the town of Crete, in this county, who were bitten by rabid dogs, a few weeks ago, have been perfectly cured by the application of this stone. One person in Iroquois county, who had suffered two fits of hydrophobia, was effectually cured, and went on his way rejoicing—having been snatched from the jaws of a horrible death by the potent mad-stone. There are two of these mad-stones in Iroquois county."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The attention of all reformatory and progressive minds is invited to this Journal, the design of which is to advocate the rights of Humanity, to present the true principles of reform, and to chronicle whatever may be useful and attractive in the developments of the present age. As prominent and distinctive features of this work, may be mentioned:

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New-York City.

NEW WORKS.

The public are hereby informed that after the first of May, 1853, the Harmonial Association, located in the city of New-York, will be prepared to publish attractive and standard works on subjects connected with the unfoldings of the present age.

A work of great interest is now in preparation and will be published soon, which may be announced as a

BIOGRAPHY OF MRS. SAMANTHA METTLER;

who is now widely known as a medical clairvoyant possessed of the gift of healing in a remarkable degree. The work will contain a detailed account of the peculiar process by which the interior vision was developed in this lady, together with a statement of some of the wonderful cures which have been performed through her agency.

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THE BIRTH OF THE UNIVERSE;

in which will be disclosed, through the medium of philosophical deductions, the principles involved in that sublime process by which the Universe has been progressively unfolded. Further notice of this work may be expected soon.

The office of the Association from the first of May may be addressed at 100 Nassau-st., New-York.

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